

WEATHERHILLERS #5

Z-D

10-11/52

PAINTED LUNCH

1 KATZKY

2 RIZZI (+

3 VIC MARTIN *

4 FR. GRACIA *

5 POWELL

Death At The Mardi Gras... PAYMENT IN FULL

WEIRD

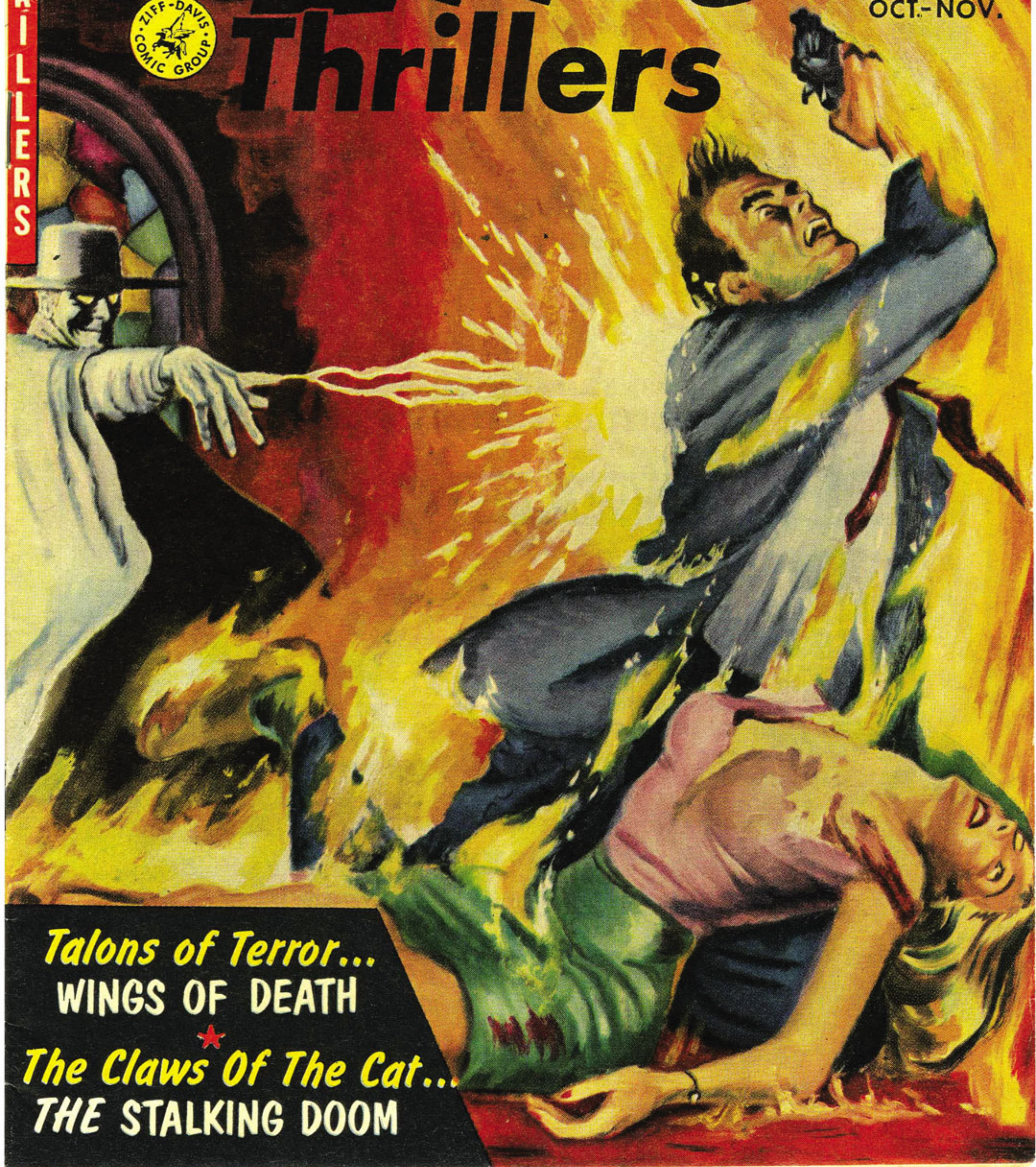


Thrillers

10c

No. 5

OCT.-NOV.



Talons of Terror...
WINGS OF DEATH

★
The Claws Of The Cat...
THE STALKING DOOM



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ON A DESOLATE HIGHWAY, NOT FAR FROM NEW ORLEANS, A CAR MOVES CAUTIOUSLY FORWARD AGAINST THE ELEMENTS...

PAYMENT IN FULL!

WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT IN THIS STORM! WE SHOULD HAVE WAITED 'TILL MORNING!

WHY DON'T YOU RELAX? I'LL TAKE CARE OF THINGS!



MOMENTS LATER, THE MOTOR SPLUTTERS NOISILY AND GOES DEAD!

YOU'LL TAKE CARE OF THINGS, EH? BY THE TIME WE GET TO NEW ORLEANS THE MARDI GRAS WILL BE OVER!

NO, IT WON'T! WE'RE GOIN' TO MAKE OURSELVES A BUNDLE OF DOUGH, LIKE I SAID! LEAVE IT TO ME, BABY!



YOU WAIT HERE, DORIS. I'LL GO UP THE ROAD AND SEE IF I CAN FIND A HOUSE!

AND LEAVE ME ALONE? NOTHING DOING! WE'LL BOTH GO!



TEN MINUTES LATER ...

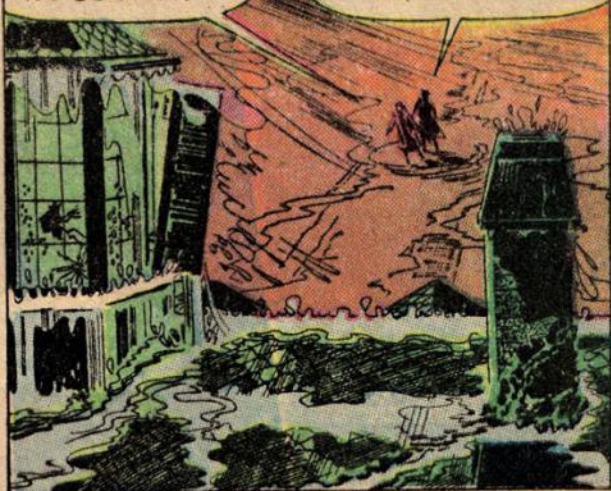


I'M SOAKED!

THERE'S A HOUSE!
RIGHT UP AHEAD!

I - I DON'T LIKE THE
LOOKS OF IT, CHRIS!
IT'S SO DARK!

WHAT DO YOU EXPECT AT
MIDNIGHT? C'MON, WE'LL
GO UP AND TAKE A LOOK!



SUDDENLY, A BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHTNING ILLUMINATES THE
SCENE...



CHRIS!
L--LET'S GET
BACK TO THE CAR!

WHAT FOR? WE CAN DRY
OFF HERE! C'MON!

I DON'T
MIND
WALKING
BACK IN
THE RAIN,
CHRIS --
HONEST!
ONLY LET'S
NOT GO IN!
I'M S--
SCARED!

I'VE BEEN IN THE
GAMBLIN' RACKET TOO
LONG TO LET AN OLD
HOUSE BLUFF ME. THE
MINUTE I GET THIS
BOARD LOOSE, I'LL
PROVE IT!



SAY, LOOK - A REAL OLD -
FASHIONED FIREPLACE! IN
JUST ABOUT FIVE MINUTES
WE'RE GOIN' TO BE AS COMFY
AS TWO BUGS IN
A RUG!



SEE, YOU'RE FEELING BETTER
ALREADY! THE MINUTE THE
STORM BLOWS OVER, WE'LL
HEAD FOR TOWN AND THE
BIG DOUGH! ONE GOOD
POKER GAME, AND WE'LL
BE IN THE CHIPS!



OKAY,
CHRIS!
I'M SORRY
I WAS
JUMPY!

THAT'S OKAY,
BABY! A
LITTLE KISS
AND -

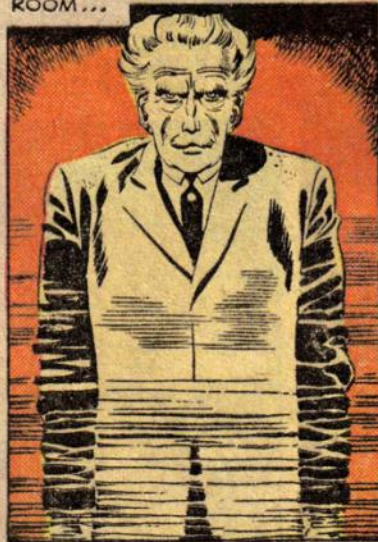
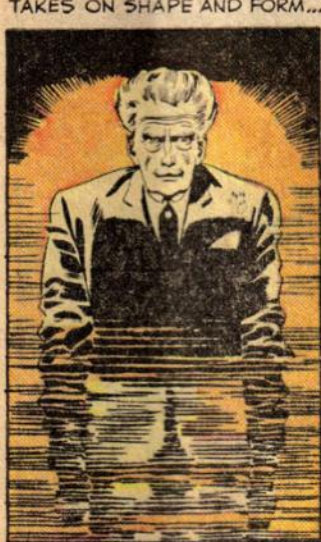
EEEEEE!





SLOWLY, THE GLOWING LIGHT
TAKES ON SHAPE AND FORM... THEN GLIDES FORWARD INTO THE
ROOM...

AND IN HOLLOW TONES ADDRESSES THE
CRINGING PAIR.



FIRST, REMOVE THIS BRICK FROM THE FIRE-PLACE - HURRY! THE MINUTES PASS AND I MUST SOON DEPART!

THIS IS THE CRAZIEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED -- BUT MAYBE THERE'S AN ANGLE IN THIS FOR ME!



TO CHRIS' SURPRISE, THE BRICK COMES AWAY EASILY. REACHING IN, HIS SEARCHING HAND FINDS OBJECTS. CAREFULLY, HE TAKES THEM OUT AND...

IT'S A DIAMOND NECKLACE! IT MUST BE WORTH FIFTY GRAND!

AND IT'S YOURS-- IF YOU DO AS I ASK!



AFTER WILSON MURDERED ME, HE ROBBED ME OF MY SECRET INDUSTRIAL FORMULA. SINCE THEN HE HAS CLAIMED IT AS HIS OWN. THE ENVELOPE YOU NOW HOLD CONTAINS THE ORIGINAL PAPERS -- PROVING THE FORMULA WAS MINE!

WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?



TAKE THE ENVELOPE TO THE POLICE IN NEW ORLEANS. THEY WILL NOT BELIEVE YOU HAVE SPOKEN TO THE SPIRIT OF ALBERT LANDERS - BUT THE ENVELOPE HERE CONTAINS THE PROOF. THEY WILL SEE THAT JUSTICE IS DONE!

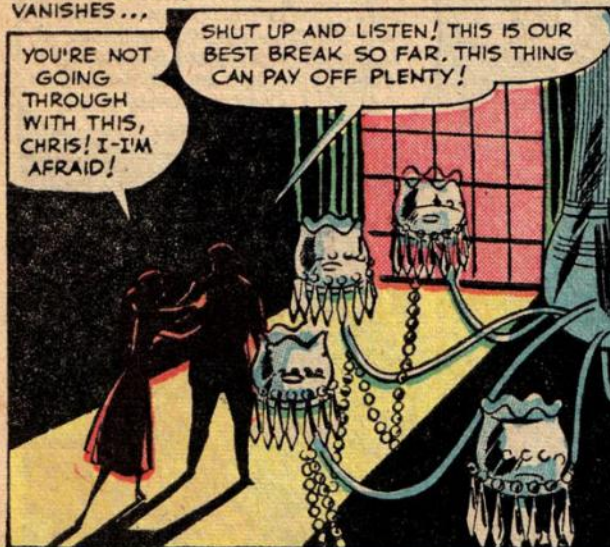
DON'T WORRY! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THINGS... OF EVERYTHING!



SECONDS LATER, WHEN THE SPECTRAL IMAGE VANISHES...

YOU'RE NOT GOING THROUGH WITH THIS, CHRIS! I-I'M AFRAID!

SHUT UP AND LISTEN! THIS IS OUR BEST BREAK SO FAR. THIS THING CAN PAY OFF PLENTY!



WE'RE GOING BACK TO THE CAR! IT'S STOPPED RAINING! MAYBE THE MOTOR'S DRIED OUT... I'LL TELL YOU WHILE WE'RE DRIVING!



IN NEW ORLEANS AN HOUR LATER, THE MARDI GRAS IS IN FULL SWING...



TWENTY MINUTES LATER, IN A FASHIONABLE PART OF TOWN...



A SHORT WHILE LATER...



AND WHEN THEY ARRIVE AT THE RESTAURANT WHERE DORIS IS WAITING...



C'MON, FELLA! JOIN IN THE FUN!

YAH-HOO! WHEEEE!

NOT NOW, SPORT! BE A NICE GUY - BEAT IT!



HEY, WAITER! HOW ABOUT A PRIVATE BOOTH FOR MY PARTY?

AT ONCE, SIR! FOLLOW ME!



A SHORT WHILE LATER...



HAND IT OVER, DORIS! IT'S - SAY, WHAT'S EATING YOU?

BEHIND YOU, CHRIS! WE'VE BEEN FOLLOWED!



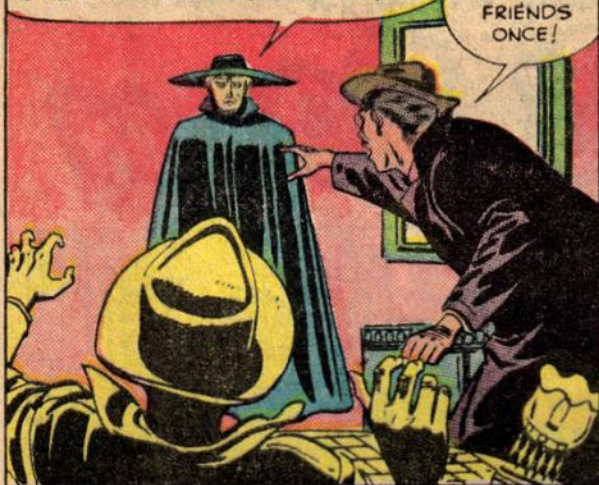
I'LL GIVE YOU THREE SEC -

I-IT'S LANDERS! HE'S COME BACK!



I HAVE COME BACK, WILSON! TO ACCUSE YOU, WHO TOOK MY LIFE, AND THESE OTHER TWO WHO DECEIVED ME!

WAIT, LANDERS! WE WERE FRIENDS ONCE!



AND STILL YOU KILLED ME! MURDERED ME! KILLED ME!

WAIT! AIEEEES!



I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!

DON'T LEAVE ME, CHRIS! WAIT!

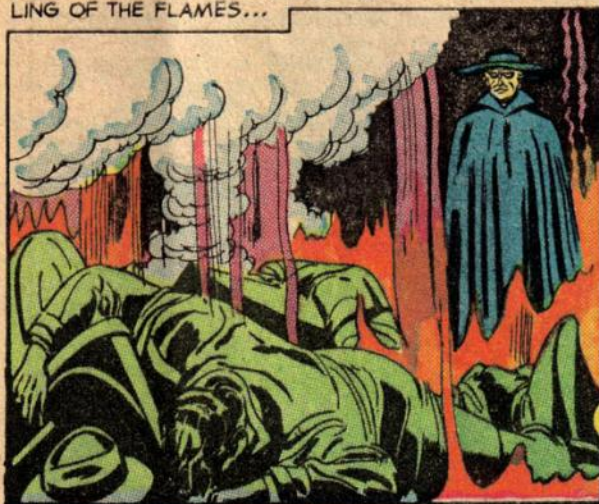
YOU GAVE ME YOUR WORD, BUT YOUR GREED WAS AS GREAT AS THE MAN WHO MURDERED ME! YOU SHALL DIE WITH HIM!



NOTHING DOIN'! I'M GETTING - THE DOOR! IT'S JAMMED! LET ME OUT OF HERE! LET ME OUT!



AS THE SMOKE FILLS THE ROOM, CHRIS' BELLING VOICE SINKS TO A SOBBING WHIMPER... THEN ALL BECOMES SILENT - EXCEPT FOR THE FIERCE CRACKLING OF THE FLAMES...



TWENTY MINUTES LATER...

ARE THOSE THREE PEOPLE DEAD, OFFICER?

THAT'S RIGHT! BUT WHAT BEATS ME IS THAT THEY COULD HAVE WALKED OUT OF THERE, THE SAME AS YOU PEOPLE DID! THE DOORS ON THOSE BOOTHS DON'T HAVE ANY LOCKS ON THEM!



MOVIE ACTOR DEREK LAYNE THOUGHT HE COULD GET AWAY WITH ANYTHING--
EVEN MURDER--BUT HE FOUND THAT THERE WAS NO ESCAPE FROM...

The STALKING DOOM



HONEST, AUNT CLARA! JOHNSON FIRED ME AND THREW ME OFF THE SET. HE HATES ME BECAUSE I WAS STEALING THE PICTURE! I--

YOU WERE DRUNK! HE WARNED YOU THAT HE WOULDN'T PUT UP WITH THAT ANY MORE, DEREK! AND NEITHER WILL I...



EVERYONE'S AGAINST ME, EVEN YOU! YOU CARE MORE FOR THAT CAT THAN YOU DO FOR ME!

OF COURSE! BECAUSE I KNOW MY CAT LOVES ME! THAT'S WHY I'M NOT AFRAID TO LIVE HERE ALONE! SAKI WILL PROTECT ME!



YOU HAVE MONEY, AUNT CLARA! WHY MUST YOU LIVE LIKE THIS? ALONE IN THIS BIG OLD HOUSE?

YOU DIDN'T COME HERE BECAUSE YOU'RE CONCERNED ABOUT ME! YOU'RE NOT GETTING ANOTHER CENT-- YOU PARASITE!





SOON THE ROOM WAS AN INFERNO...



MINUTES LATER...



BUT ONE VICTIM ESCAPES
DEREK'S MURDEROUS PLOT...



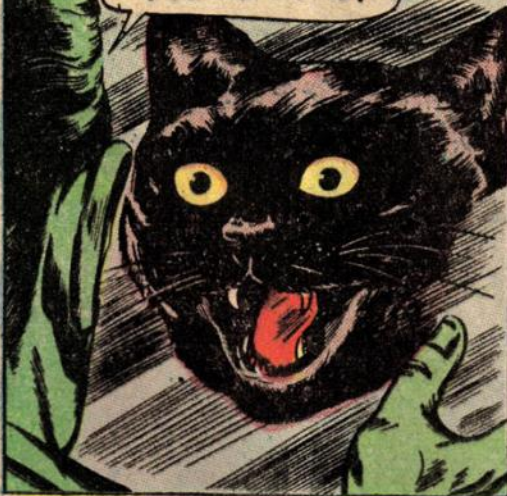
A WEEK AFTER THE TRAGEDY, DEREK
IS SUMMONED TO THE OFFICE OF HIS
AUNT'S ATTORNEY...



SOMEHOW, DEREK GETS BACK TO HIS DINGY FURNISHED ROOM...

SHE DESERVED TO BE KILLED! THE STINGY, OLD -- AH -- SAKI! BUT YOU'RE DEAD!

SHE CHEATED ME! SHE ROBBED ME! FOUR HUNDRED DOLLARS! A PITTANCE!



NO! NO! GET AWAY FROM ME, YOU DEVIL! I-I-I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!



WHEREVER DEREK TURNS, THE CAT'S BLAZING EYES HAUNT HIM... HE KNOWS SAKI IS STALKING HIM... AWAITING THE MOMENT OF REVENGE...



SOON THE \$400 IS GONE, SQUANDERED IN A VAIN EFFORT TO DROWN OUT DEREK'S GNAWING GUILT...

AND DON'T COME BACK -- YOU BUM!

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! THE CAT WILL GET ME! I CAN'T HIDE ANYWHERE! HOW CAN I ESCAPE FROM A GHOST?



HA! INSTEAD OF PINK ELEPHANTS, HE SEES CAT GHOSTS! THAT'S ONE FOR THE BOOKS!



DEREK SINKS LOWER AND LOWER, UNTIL...



THE NEXT MORNING...

GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, MR. LAYNE! MR. JOHNSON IS ON SET FOUR!

THANKS, TOM!

KEEP OUT
ENTERPRISE STUDIOS

GO OVER TO THE COSTUME DEPARTMENT DEREK! THEY'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU!

MIND TELLING ME SOMETHING ABOUT THE PART?

IT'S ONLY A BIT! WE SHOW YOU GETTING PLACED IN THE IRON MAIDEN. YOU SCREAM -- WE CUT--AND THEN SHOW THE IRON MAIDEN WITH THE DOOR CLOSED!

AS DEREK TAKES HIS PLACE ON THE SET...

THERE'S NO CHANCE OF THAT CLOSING ON ME! THOSE SPIKES GIVES ME THE CREEPS!

DON'T WORRY! WE HAVE A MAN HOLDING THE DOOR! GOT HIM STRAPPED IN THERE, BOYS?

CAMERA! JOHNSON! JOHNSON! THAT CAT!

OW!!

THE DOOR! HE'LL BE KILLED!

SAVE ME! SAVE ME! HELP!

AS THE HEAVY DOOR SWINGS SHUT, SAKI HAS AVENGED HIS MISTRESS... AND DEREK LAYNE PAYS THE PENALTY FOR MURDER!

THE
END

CAGLIOSTRO—Swindler or Superman?

A HUNDRED AND SEVENTY YEARS AGO, there was a secret religious society which claimed that its president lived on the moon!

The time is 1779, ten years before the French Revolution. The place is anywhere in Europe, in any one of a dozen secret underground lodges of the Egyptian Freemasonry of High Science. A new convert, having been investigated for months and questioned carefully for days, is about to be admitted into the mysteries of a cult so alien that many insist that it originated in a completely non-human mind.

But whatever its beginnings, its worshippers now include some of the most powerful noblemen, richest merchants and wisest sages in all of Italy, Germany and France. Princes and potentates are proud to be humble though secret members. The new convert, though frightened of what lies ahead for him this night, is proud of the honor and shakily determined to go through with it—no matter what happens.

After hours of waiting and fearful meditation, he is led slowly, step by step, along a dark and winding underground path. He emerges into a hall so vast that he can hardly see the opposite wall, which is black, like the ceiling and floor and everything else in this strange place. *In fact, the convert asks himself, are the walls really black—or do they just disappear into the eternal night of this subterranean chamber?* In the light from three tiny lamps he can barely make out the figures of serpents undulating across the floor. *Are they embroidery—are they paintings—or are they real?*

Suddenly he gasps and falls to his knees as he notices an altar formed of human bones. Skulls are scattered about the floor, and between them are careless piles of ancient books, their yellowed pages somehow fallen open to an incantation for the raising of the dead!

The novice realizes he is now alone and remains on his knees in the swirling gloom, hoping that nothing worse than the things he has already seen

will materialize. He is disappointed. All about him, phantom figures, men and women with completely transparent bodies, begin to rise from the floor. They float across the enormous hall, groaning and writhing, and eventually disappear down into the blackness again. Hours pass.

Finally, three solid human beings arrive and he almost embraces them. They tie a ribbon dipped in blood around his head, strip his clothes off roughly and trace strange cabalistic signs on his naked body. As soon as this is done, more ghostly figures appear. These spread a richly woven carpet before the initiate and light a fire. A tremendous and incredible creature appears in the smoke of the fire, and all fall prostrate before him.

Slowly, awesomely, in the strangest accent ever heard, the creature in the smoke intones the words of the oath that the convert must repeat after him!

This, as closely as we can reconstruct it today from the half-burned documents of the secret society and the dry, legal reports of the government and church officials who destroyed it, was what an initiation into the Egyptian Freemasonry of High Science was like. But what was the purpose of this organization?

That, alas, is lost forever. All we know today is what some of its leading members claimed to be able to do—and the names of its chief officers.

The name of its president was unmentionable: all that most members were ever told about him was that he lived somewhere in the mountains of the moon and followed a grand design of his own, which human beings could not be expected to understand!

Immediately under him in rank was a certain Count Alexander Cagliostro, Grand Cophta for Europe and Asia, followed by Seraphina, known as Grand Mistress of Egyptian Freemasonry.

This Count Cagliostro was a strange, heavy-set, brooding man for whom the raising of the devil was supposed to be the easiest item in his enormous bag of magical tricks. He was said to be able to take a

handful of pebbles gathered by a doubtful enemy along the seashore and transform them into perfect, glistening pearls! Many spoke in low voices of Seraphina's crystal ball, in which those she favored might be invited to view scenes from their past—and future. And Seraphina and Cagliostro between them were widely considered capable of making those legendary creatures, the bottled homunculi, who could answer any question a human put to them!

No one knew anything about Seraphina's background. Some members of the society dared whisper that she had been manufactured by Cagliostro himself, as an experiment, early in his career.

But Cagliostro—there was a history for you!

According to him, he was a prince of Trebizond who had been sold as a slave when that Eastern kingdom fell. He was purchased by one of the wisest men of the time, the Scherif of Mecca, and was given his freedom when the master decided that the young man had acquired all of his wisdom. Cagliostro began to travel in search of further wisdom and became a member of many strange sects in his pursuit of mystic knowledge. One of them, worshippers of the ancient Egyptian god, Osiris, reputedly taught him the elements of the new religion; another, a Domdaniel of Alchemists, gave him control over inanimate matter. Finally, on the Isle of Malta, Althotas, the Wisest of Sages, was believed to have shown him how to generate the spark of life and how to contact that strange entity on the moon who, for reasons of his own, wanted a new religion established on Earth.

Whatever the purposes of the Egyptian Freemasonry of High Science, it flourished and became more and more powerful. Every important city in Europe, from Paris to St. Petersburg, had a lodge of the society—and everywhere the most important men in the kingdom might well turn out to be members or worshippers.

How the society was destroyed is still a matter for argument. Many believe it was discredited when Cagliostro was arrested for his part in the theft of a fabulous diamond necklace from the court of Marie Antoinette. No one ever found the necklace—its value, by the way, was estimated at just a

little more than the price of a battleship!—and the details of the robbery were so confused and so mixed with royal scandal and the approaching rumbles of the French Revolution that Cagliostro and his fellow-suspects were released.

But some of the more powerful members of the society began to wonder about the Grand Cophta for Europe and Asia. Were the miracles they had seen no more than carefully-rigged fakes?

On December 29th, 1789 Cagliostro and Seraphina were arrested on their way to Rome by the Holy Inquisition. And that was that.

In a very little while, a new story began to come out of the Castle of St. Angelo where they were imprisoned. Seraphina was talking fast—and as she did, she drew a novel picture of the man known as Count Alexander of Cagliostro, Heir to the Golden Throne of Trebizond, Pupil Adored of the Wisest Sage Althotas, Foster Son of the Scherif of Mecca, and called by him the Unfortunate Child of Nature, Grand Master Supreme of the Egyptian Freemasonry of High Science and Grand Cophta of Europe and Asia.

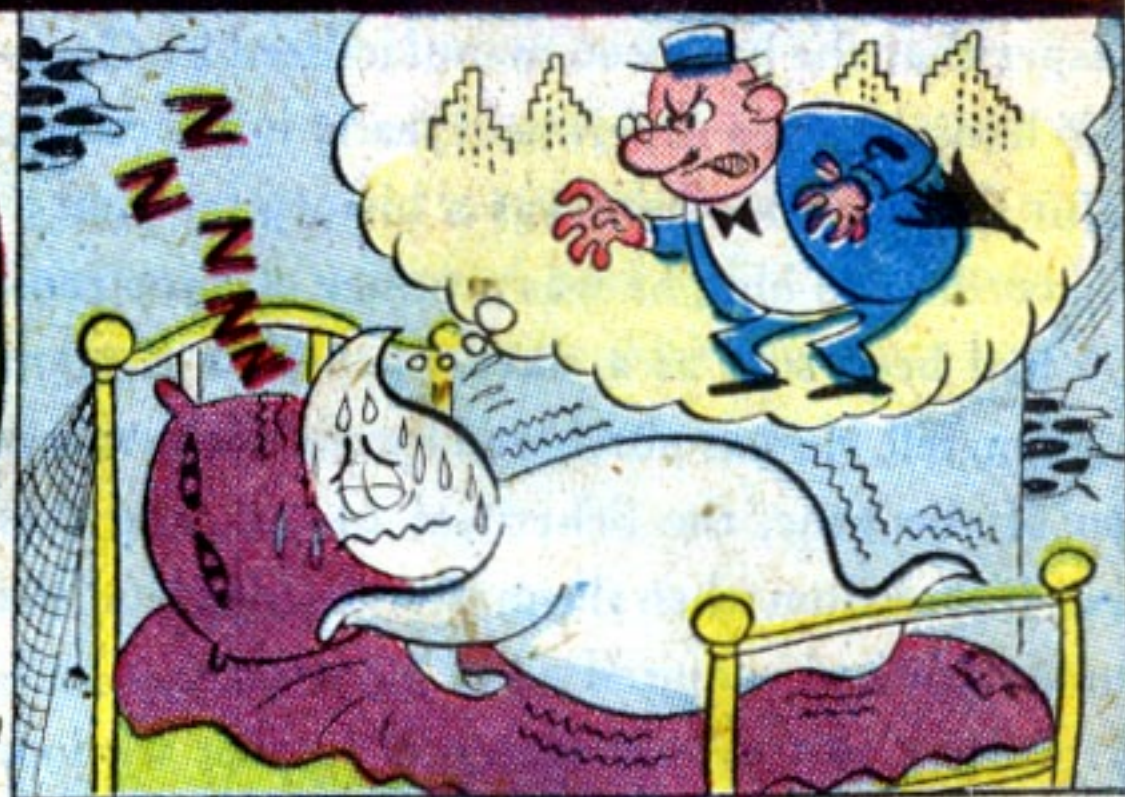
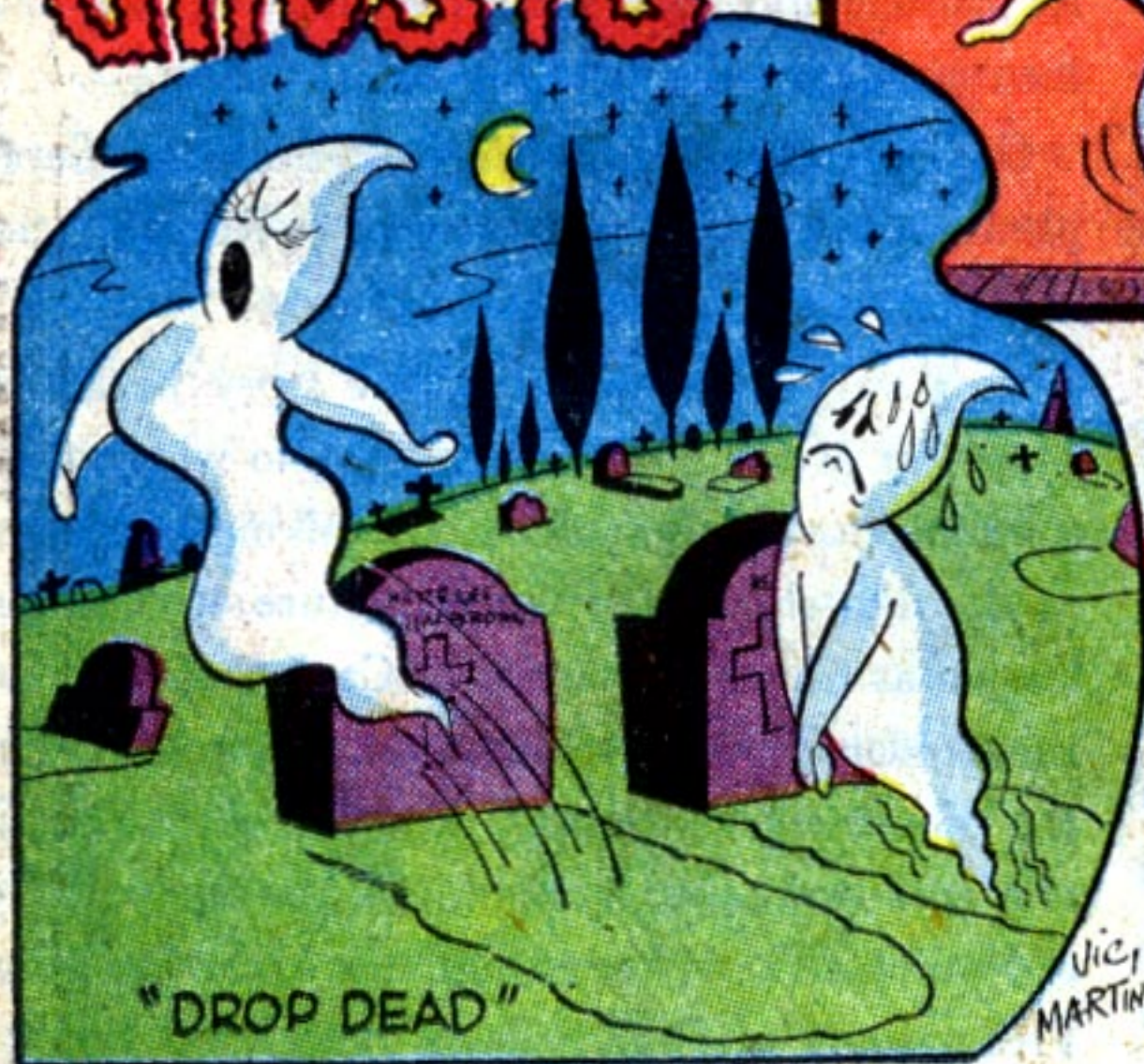
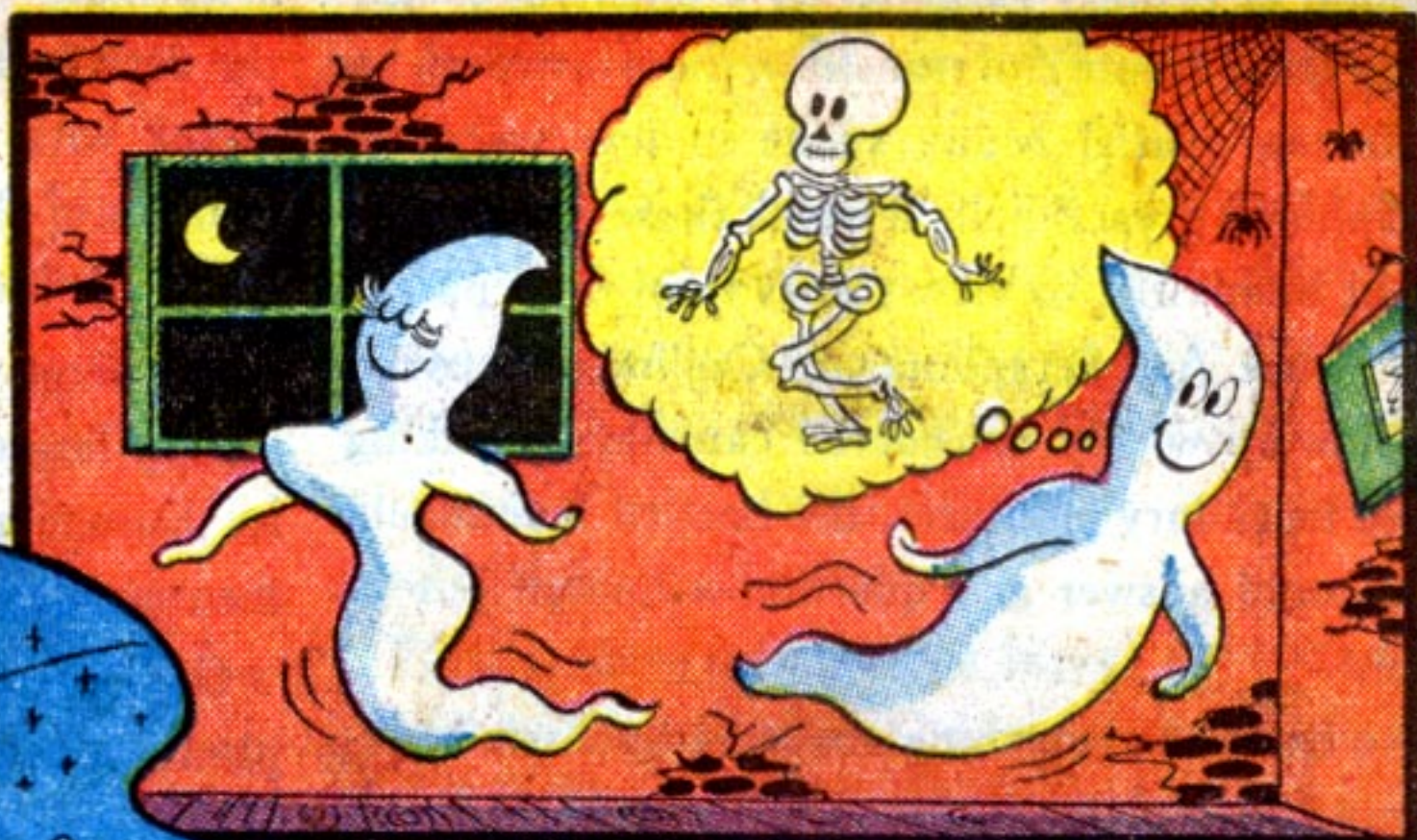
She said he was no more than an apothecary's apprentice named Giuseppe Balsamo, born in Palermo, Sicily, in 1743. That he was a town bully and ne'er-do-well who'd been in every scrape imaginable before he'd met and married her in Rome. That she had made him into Cagliostro and given him every idea he'd ever had!

According to the story, they died in the dungeons of the Castle St. Angelo, screaming hatred at each other, the greatest swindler the world has ever known and the woman who almost founded a religion with him. But there are those who say that his downfall began when he tried to make a private profit out of the society, that the unknown creature living in the mountains of the moon was displeased by his theft of the Queen's diamond necklace and disowned him.

And that this strange creature is worshipped to this very day, for plans of his own which are being slowly worked out by a modern form of the society—and by descendants of Cagliostro and Seraphina!

THE END

GIGGLES AND GHOSTS



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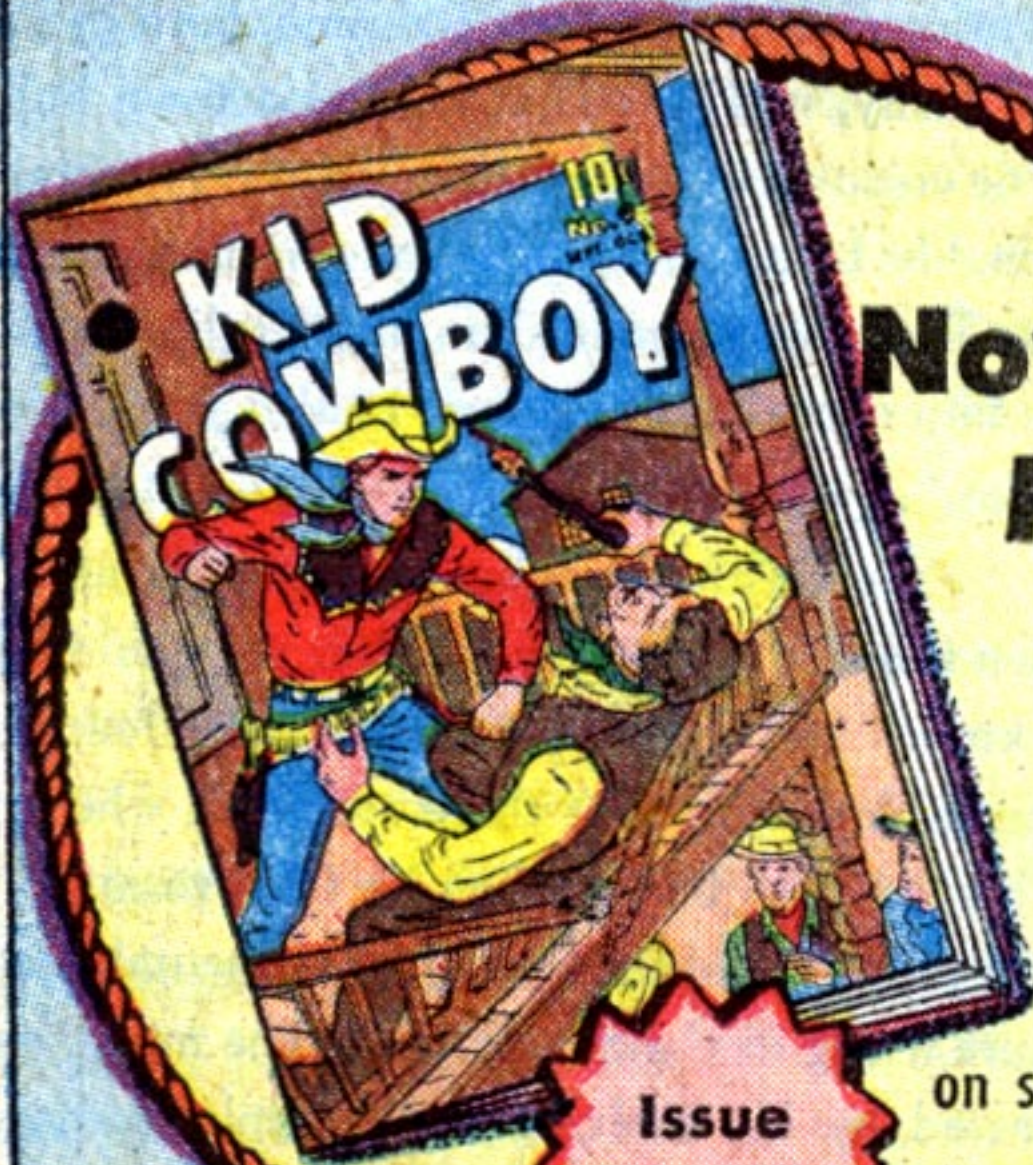
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Issue
No. 10



WHAT IS MORE HARMLESS THAN A BIRD?
YET THE MOST TIMID CREATURE CAN
BE STIRRED TO VENGEANCE. FOR WHEN
A MAN COMMITS MURDER, HE CAN EXPECT
NO MERCY! EVEN THE BIRDS FLY TO HIM ON...

WINGS of DEATH!



HIGH IN THE ROCKIES, WARREN AMES, THE NOTED
HUNTER, BAGS A PRIZE... A RARE WHITE EAGLE...



THIS IS A PRIZE! A WHITE EAGLE! IT'S A GREAT DAY FOR ME!

NO! IT IS AN EVIL DAY! LOOK!! ALREADY THE BIRDS GATHER!

IN THE NEXT MOMENT, THE TREES ARE FILLED WITH BIRDS... AND THE FOREST ECHOES WITH THEIR RAUCOUS CALLS...

WHERE DID THEY ALL COME FROM? WHAT DO THEY WANT?

THEY COME TO MOURN THEIR KING! THEY CRY VENGEANCE! ONE DAY-- THE BIRDS WILL TAKE YOUR LIFE IN REVENGE FOR HIS!

CAW!
YEE!
YEE!
CAW!

YOU--YOU CAN'T SCARE ME! IT'S CRAZY! THEY'RE ONLY BIRDS!

I CAN SEE THE FEAR IN YOUR EYES! WHAT I SAY IS SO! THE BIRDS WILL NOT FORGET! IF YOU EVER RETURN--THEY WILL KILL YOU!

I- I'M NEVER COMING HERE AGAIN! COME ON! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

MONTHS LATER, AT A PARTY IN WARREN AMES' HOME--HE SHOWS THE GUESTS HIS TROPHIES...

BEFORE YOU LEAVE, I WANT YOU TO SEE MY PRIZE TROPHY-- THE WHITE EAGLE! VERY RARE!

MAGNIFICENT! THE KING OF THE BIRDS! THERE'S A LEGEND THAT HIS SUBJECTS ALWAYS AVENGE HIS KILLING! DON'T LET THE BIRDS GET YOU, WARREN!

THAT'S NO JOKE! EVERY TIME I THINK OF THOSE BIRDS STARING AT ME I SHUDDER! BUT AS LONG AS I STAY AWAY FROM MY HUNTING SHACK, I'M ALL RIGHT!

AFTER THE OTHER GUESTS LEAVE...

STILL HERE, JOE? IT'S GETTING LATE!

YOU BET IT'S GETTIN' LATE, AMES! I WANT THE FIVE GRAND YOU OWE ME! YOU SHOULD'A STUCK TO HUNTIN' BIRDS! YOU DID BETTER WITH THEM THAN PLAYIN' THE HORSES!

JOE, GIVE ME
A BREAK! MY
LUCK'S BEEN
BAD-- BUT
IT'LL TURN
AND...

I'M A BOOKIE,
AMES! I'VE GIVEN
YOU ENOUGH
BREAKS! I GIVE
YOU JUST SEVENTY-
TWO HOURS TO
GET ME THAT
DOUGH--OR ELSE!

AN' THIS'LL SHOW
YOU I AIN'T KIDDIN'!
SEVENTY-TWO
HOURS!
REMEMBER!

ALL
RIGHT,
JOE!
I'LL-- I'LL
GET THE
MONEY!

AFTER THE GAMBLER LEAVES..

HE MEANS IT! HE'LL KILL
ME! WHERE CAN I RAISE
FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS?
I COULD RUN AWAY... BUT
HE'D FIND ME!... WHERE
CAN I GET THAT MONEY?

GLORIA! SHE'S
STILL CRAZY ABOUT
ME, AND SHE'S RICH!
I'LL CALL HER!

A FEW MOMENTS
LATER, IN GLORIA
KANE'S LUXURIOUS
APARTMENT...

WHY, WARREN!
THIS IS A SURPRISE!
YOU WANT TO SEE ME?
BUT, OF COURSE,
DARLING! COME
RIGHT OVER!

I'VE BEEN WAITING
A LONGTIME FOR
THIS! SO HE'S
COMING TO ME! I
KNOW HE OWES
JOE ARNOLD
MONEY! I'LL
MAKE HIM
SQUIRM!

SOON...

... AND
THAT'S
HOW IT IS,
GLORIA!
PLEASE
HELP
ME!

SO YOU NEED ME
NOW, WARREN? FIVE
THOUSAND DOLLARS!
YOU EXPECT ME TO
FORGET THE WAY
YOU JILTED ME?



LEAVING THROUGH A SERVICE ENTRANCE, WARREN REACHES THE STREET, AND...

I STILL DON'T HAVE THE DOUGH FOR ARNOLD! BUT MAYBE I CAN MAKE A DEAL WITH HIM! THIS RING IS WORTH FIVE GRAND! I'LL SEE HIM TOMORROW!



THE NEXT DAY, AT JOE ARNOLD'S PLACE...

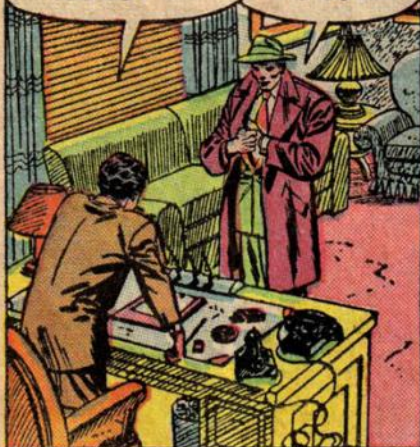
SOMEBODY KILLED GLORIA! YOU KNOW I WENT FOR HER, AMES!

I DID TOO--ONCE! IT'S TOO BAD SHE'S DEAD! BUT I DIDN'T COME TO TALK ABOUT HER!



THAT'S RIGHT! A LITTLE MATTER OF FIVE THOUSAND-- YOU GOT IT?

NOT IN CASH! BUT SOMETHING JUST AS GOOD!



THIS RING--IT'S WORTH FIVE GRAND ... WHAT'S WRONG? WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME THAT WAY?

I KNOW WHERE YOU GOT THAT RING! I GAVE IT TO GLORIA FOR A BIRTHDAY PRESENT! YOU KILLED HER!

I LOVED HER! YOU'LL PAY FOR IT! I'M CALLING THE COPS!

JOE-- NO!!



LUCKY NOBODY HEARD THE SHOT! I'M IN A FIX NOW! I'D BETTER GET OUT OF TOWN-- BUT FAST!

I COULD GO ON A HUNTING TRIP UP TO THE SHACK... BUT... BUT... I'M AFRAID... THOSE BIRDS... THEY'LL BE WAITING FOR ME!

I MUST BE GETTING SOFT! I'M WARREN AMES, THE HUNTER! I'M NOT GOING TO LET A STUPID INDIAN LEGEND SCARE ME! I'M GOING TO THE SHACK!

SO WARREN AMES DEPARTS ON HIS HUNTING TRIP, CONFIDENT THAT HE IS GETTING AWAY WITH MURDER...

THIS BLASTED RAIN! IT'LL MAKE THESE DIRT ROADS IMPASSABLE!

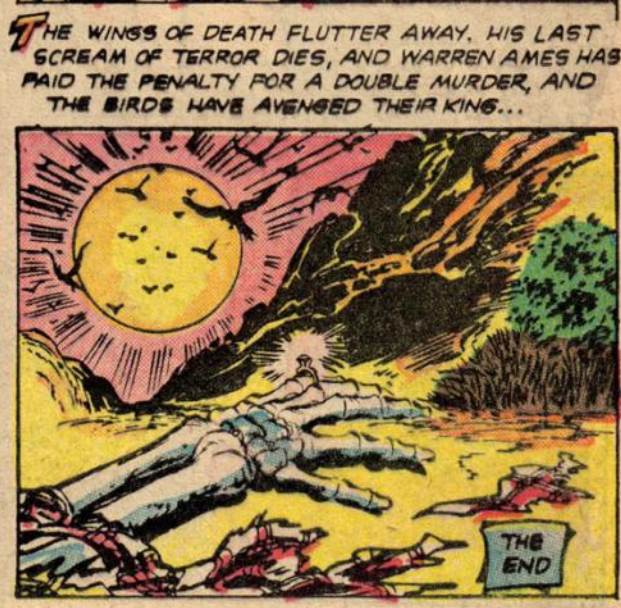
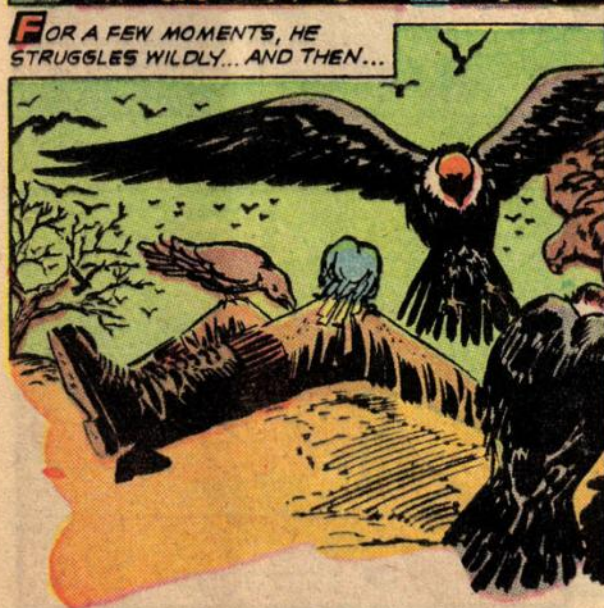
SOON...

THE CAR'S STUCK-- BUT SOOO! NOTHING TO DO BUT TAKE OFF FOR THE SHACK ON FOOT!

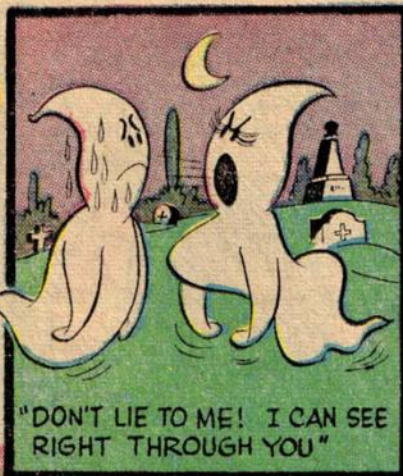
SOME TIME LATER...

PHEW! WHAT A HIKE! I'LL BE GLAD OF A NIGHT'S SLEEP!

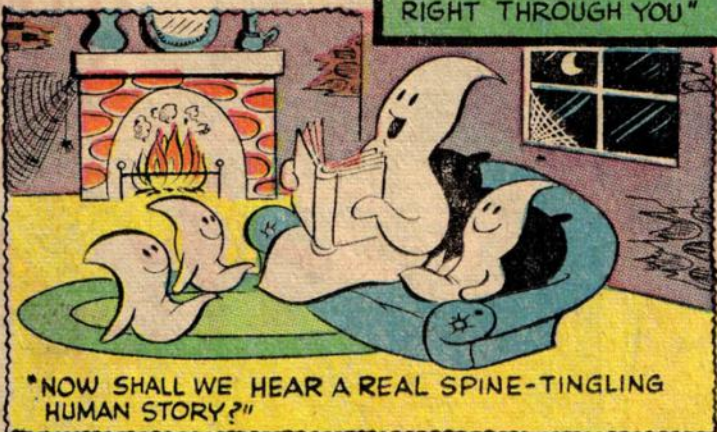
THERE'S SOMETHING CREEPY ABOUT THIS PLACE! I FEEL AS THOUGH EVERY MOVE I MAKE IS BEING WATCHED! FELT IT ALL THE WAY UP HERE!



GRAVEYARD GUFFAWS



"DON'T LIE TO ME! I CAN SEE RIGHT THROUGH YOU"

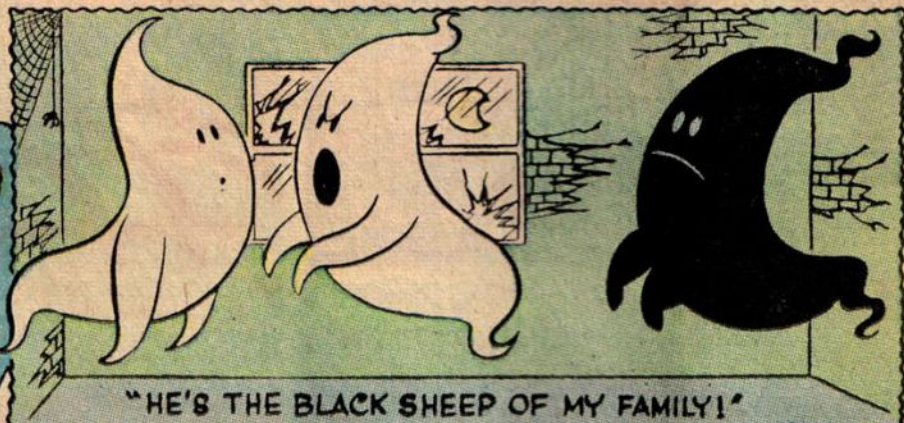


"NOW SHALL WE HEAR A REAL SPINE-TINGLING HUMAN STORY?"

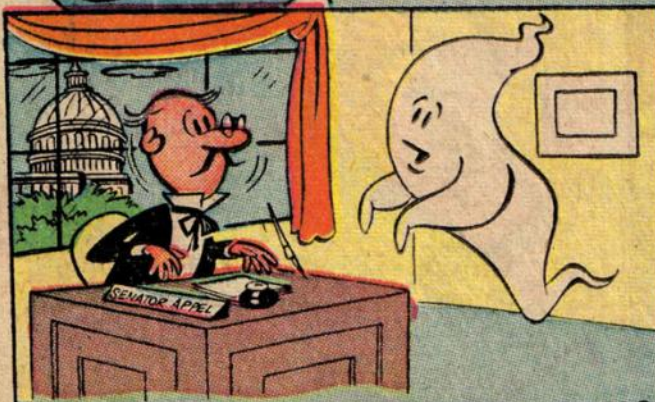


"THANK GOODNESS! IT'S YOU, NOT MY WIFE!"

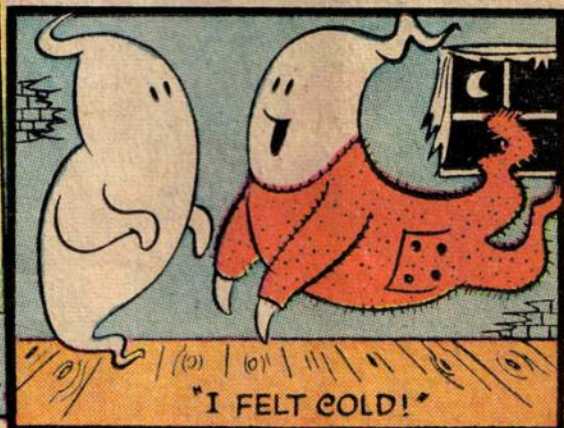
SPIRIT SPASMS



"HE'S THE BLACK SHEEP OF MY FAMILY!"



"DID YOU ADVERTISE FOR A GHOST-WRITER?"



"I FELT COLD!"

A KILLER WANTED IN THE STATES, JIM WOLFE HAD FACED TERROR MANY TIMES. BUT NEVER HAD HE FELT THE BOTTOMLESS HORROR THAT ASSAILED HIM IN THE STEAMING JUNGLES OF VOODOO-RIDDEN HAITI, WHEN HE FACED THE SPIRIT OF KING HENRI CHRISTOPHE I, AND THE RELENTLESSLY ADVANCING, GHOSTLY RANKS OF...

"ALL THE KING'S MEN"



JIM WOLFE, WANTED FOR MURDER, ARRIVES AT THE COFFEE PLANTATION OF HIS OLD FRIEND, DAN MCGRAW, DEEP IN THE JUNGLES OF HAITI.

STAY AS LONG AS YOU LIKE. WHEN THE HEAT'S OFF, YOU CAN GO BACK TO THE STATES. NO ONE WILL EVER FIND YOU HERE!

YOU'RE A PAL, MCGRAW!



YOU'VE GOT THE RUN OF THE PLACE, BUT DON'T GET IN WRONG WITH THE NATIVES! THEY PRACTICE VOODOO, AND THAT'S MIGHTY BAD MEDICINE!

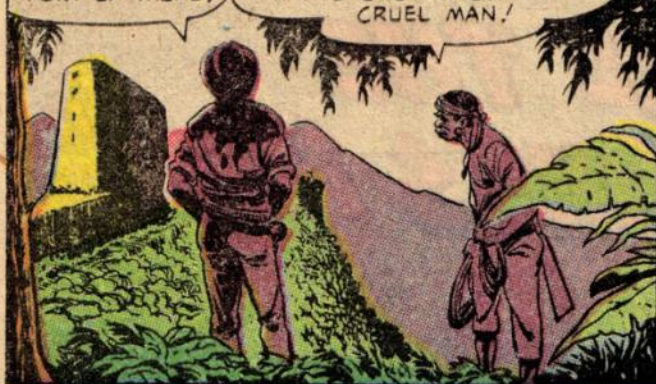
VOODOO? DON'T TELL ME YOU BELIEVE IN **THAT** MALLARKEY!



A FEW DAYS LATER...

HEY, FRANCOIS!
WHAT'S THAT BIG
FORT UP THERE?

IT IS THE CITADEL LA
FERRIERE, M'SIEU WOLFE! HENRI
CHRISTOPHE BUILT IT! HE WAS
HAITI'S ONLY KING, AND A
CRUEL MAN!



YEAH? WHAT'S
THAT BIG
TRIANGLE-
SHAPED END
STICKING OUT
OF IT?

THAT IS CALLED THE PROW,
BECAUSE IT IS SHAPED LIKE
THE BOW OF A SHIP! IT HAS
A HISTORY EVEN BLOODIER
THAN THE REST OF THE
CITADEL! LISTEN TO WHAT
THAT PIG, CHRISTOPHE,
DID ON THE PROW!



"ABOUT 1800, CHRISTOPHE WANTED
TO IMPRESS AN ENGLISH ADMIRAL!
HE TOOK HIM OUT ON THE PROW,
AND..."

OF
COURSE THE
DISCIPLINE
OF ENGLISH
TROOPS IS
UNSURPASSED,
YOUR
MAJESTY!

DO YOU THINK
SO, ADMIRAL?
HA! I WILL
SHOW YOU
DISCIPLINE!

CAPITAINE!



WE SHALL REVIEW
MY TROOPS, ADMIRAL!
PROCEED, CAPITAINE!



THEY MARCH
BEAUTIFULLY,
BUT ARE
THEY NOT
APPROACHING
THE EDGE
TOO CLOSELY?

YOU WILL SEE
WHY HAITI IS
SAFE FROM ALL
INVADERS! MY
SOLDIERS WILL
NOT FALTER--
THEY WILL
OBEY ME TO
THE DEATH!



TELL THEM
TO STOP!
THEY'LL ALL
BE KILLED!

NOW, PERHAPS YOU
WILL TELL YOUR ENGLISH
KING OF THE GLORY
AND MIGHT OF HAITI
AND THE DISCIPLINE OF
MY SOLDIERS!



THE ENTIRE COMPANY
MARCHED OVER THE
EDGE AND WERE
DASHED TO DEATH
HUNDREDS OF
FEET BELOW!
NOW THEIR
GHOSTS HAUNT
THE CITADEL!

I
BELIEVE
YOUR
STORY,
FRANCOIS,
BUT I
DON'T
BELIEVE
IN GHOSTS!



IF YOU DO NOT
BELIEVE ME, ASK
THE **MAMALOI!**
SHE WILL TELL
YOU OF THE
GHOSTS WHO
GUARD
CHRISTOPHE'S
BURIED GOLD
IN THE CITADEL'S
SECRET TUNNEL!

GOLD? NOW,
THAT'S
REALLY
INTERESTING!
A **MAMALOI!**
IS A VODOO
PRIESTESS,
ISN'T SHE?
**TAKE ME
TO HER!**



"A FEW HOURS LATER..."

FRANCOIS TELLS ME YOU KNOW OF THE GOLD BURIED IN THE CITADEL, MAMOLOI!

OUI! BUT TO FIND IT IS NOT WISE! LISTEN, HENRI CHRISTOPHE ROSE FROM A SLAVE TO BECOME KING OF HAITI, AFTER HE DROVE NAPOLEON'S ARMY FROM OUR SHORES...

"CHRISTOPHE WAS VAIN AS A WOMAN! HE SURROUNDED HIMSELF WITH POMP AND LUXURY! HE BUILT MANY PALACES. SANS SOUCI WAS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF ALL!"

FINISHED! A PALACE WORTHY OF HENRI I, EMPEROR OF ALL HAITI!

"BECAUSE CHRISTOPHE FEARED BOTH INVASION FROM WITHOUT AND REBELLION FROM WITHIN, HE BUILT THE CITADEL. WHEN IT WAS CONSTRUCTED, CHRISTOPHE PRESERVED ITS SECRETS BY..."

WELL, FELIX, ONLY YOU AND I KNOW THE SECRETS OF THE CITADEL!

I AM THE PROUDEST OF ARCHITECTS, YOUR MAJESTY! AND THE PLANS OF THE FORT AND THE SECRET TUNNEL CONNECTING IT TO SANS SOUCI WILL BE FOREVER SAFE WITH ME!

INDEED THEY WILL, FELIX! INDEED THEY WILL!

"THE FEARED REVOLT FINALLY CAME AND CHRISTOPHE, AT SANS SOUCI, TOOK FRIGHT WHEN HE SAW HIS GENERALS DESERT TO THE ENEMY..."

DOWN WITH CHRISTOPHE! DEATH TO THE TYRANT!

HURRY! FETCH THE GOLD FROM THE TREASURY! WE MUST FLEE!

CHRISTOPHE MARSHALLED A FEW LOYAL SERVANTS TO CARRY HIS TREASURE INTO THE SECRET TUNNEL AND BURY IT...



HURRY! WE MUST HIDE THE TREASURE AND GET TO THE CITADEL!

AT DAWN IN THE COUNCIL ROOM OF THE CITADEL, THE KING REWARDED HIS LOYAL SERVANTS!



FOR THE SAFETY OF THE STATE, I SENTENCE YOU TO DEATH!

CHRISTOPHE FINALLY SHOT HIMSELF WITH A GOLD BULLET, BELIEVING THAT WAS THE ONLY THING THAT WOULD KILL HIM! THE LOCATIONS OF THE TUNNEL AND THE TREASURE DIED WITH HIM!



HENRI I... EMPEROR... OF ALL... HAIT...

THE GHOSTS ARE THERE TO PROTECT THE TREASURE—ALL THAT IS LEFT OF CHRISTOPHE'S GRANDEUR! AND ALL WHO HAVE SOUGHT HIS GOLD HAVE DIED MYSTERIOUSLY! BE WARNED, M'SIEU, BEFORE YOU, TOO, DIE!



WOLFE DETERMINED TO FIND CHRISTOPHE'S TREASURE. HE RODE THROUGH THE JUNGLE TO SANS SOUCI...



PLEASE, M'SIEU WOLFE! DO NOT DO THIS THING! IT IS DANGEROUS!

TURN BACK, IF YOU'RE SCARED! I'M GOING TO FIND THAT TUNNEL!

WITHOUT PAUSING TO EAT OR SLEEP, WOLFE FEVERISHLY SEARCHED THE GARDENS OF SANS SOUCI, REALIZING THAT THE KEY TO THE PUZZLE MUST BE THERE, RATHER THAN AT THE CITADEL. FINALLY...

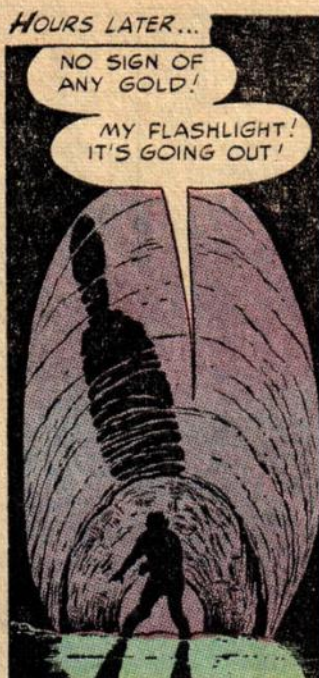


I'VE FOUND IT! THIS STATUE JUST SWINGS OVER ON ITS PEDESTAL—AND THERE'S THE TUNNEL!



THE STATUE SWUNG
BACK BEHIND ME!

SQUEAK!
GRIND!



HOURS LATER...

NO SIGN OF
ANY GOLD!

MY FLASHLIGHT!
IT'S GOING OUT!

AS DARKNESS CLOSES IN, PANIC SIEZES
WOLFE, AND HE RUNS HEADLONG THROUGH
THE TUNNEL, PURSUED BY THE REVERBER-
ATIONS OF HIS OWN FOOTSTEPS, HIS
ECHOING SCREAMS, AND A PRESENCE
THAT HE FEELS BUT CANNOT SEE...



HELP!
HELP ME!

HELP!
HELP!

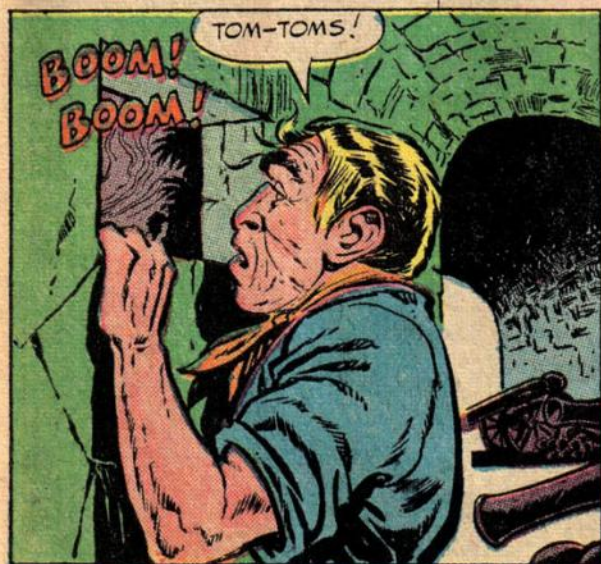


THE 'CITADEL' AT
LAST! I'LL BE
SAFE NOW!



I CAN'T SEEM TO FIND
MY WAY OUT OF
THIS MAUSOLEUM!

WHAT'S
THAT
NOISE?



TOM-TOMS!

BOOM!
BOOM!



ARE THOSE MY FOOTSTEPS--
OR THOSE OF AN ARMY?

TRAMP!
TRAMP! TRAMP!

THIS MUST BE
THE COUNCIL
ROOM -- GOTTA
STOP -- CATCH
MY BREATH --

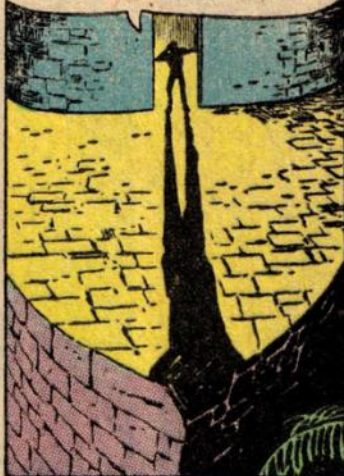
THAT
BLASTED
ECHO!

DEATH!

DEATH!

DEATH!

AH! IT'S BETTER OUT
HERE IN THE FRESH
AIR! I'M NEVER GOING
BACK IN THAT TUNNEL!
TO THE DEVIL WITH
CHRISTOPHE'S GOLD! LET
HIM KEEP IT -- **FOREVER!**



THE NATIVES ARE STILL
BEATING THEIR TOM-
TOMS! THE SOUND
SEEMS TO BE
COMING FROM
ALL OVER,
NOW!

ATTENTION!
LE ROI!

IT IS INDEED
A MAGNIFICENT
FORTRESS, YOUR
MAJESTY!



VOICES! BUT
WHERE? **WHOSE?**



IT -- IT'S HIM -- THE
KING -- CHRISTOPHE!



OF COURSE, THE DISCIPLINE
OF ENGLISH TROOPS IS
UNSURPASSED!

HA! LET ME
SHOW YOU
THE DISCIPLINE
OF **MY** DEVOTED
SOLDIERS!

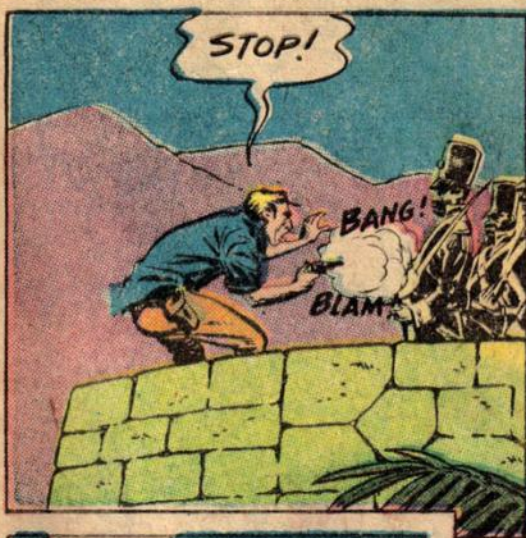


EH, BIEN,
ADMIRAL, SHALL
WE REVIEW
MY TROOPS?

THE STORY
FRANCOIS TOLD
ME -- IT -- IT'S
COME TO
LIFE!

PROCEED
CAPITAINE!





THE LATEST FAD THE GREATEST HIT!

SHERLOCK HOLMES DETECTIVE CAP



Get the year's biggest cap sensation—now! This sturdy wool and rayon detective cap is made and designed along the most expensive lines. Wear it all seasons, all occasions. Comes in handsome houndstooth check, either black and white or brown and white. State color and head size when ordering. Only \$2.98—and you get FREE Private Eye Badge and Powerful Magnifying Glass. Use coupon.



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\$2.98
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2 Marble Ave., Pleasantville, N. Y.

Send me, on your guaranteed offer, _____

Cap(s) Size _____ Color _____

Payment enclosed.

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"PRIVATE EYE" BADGE

Gold-like metal, same size and shape as police badge. Wear it on cap, coat lapel or shirt. Flash it on the gang. Sent absolutely FREE when you order cap.

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ELECTRO-MAGNETIC CHASSIS,
U.S. GOVERNMENT PATENT NO. 2,536,179



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TWO-WAY COMMUNICATIONS: Set consists of TWO (2) "Transceivers" ready to hook up between any two points. No license needed! Powered by new patented Remco electro-magnetic chassis. Practical, foolproof operation is guaranteed.

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If either of your Walkie Talkie Sets should stop operating for any reason, our factory engineers will repair and return it to you at absolutely no cost.

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\$3.49

EMPIRE MERCHANDISING CO., DEPT F-2 Send check, cash, or M.O.
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- ☐ Send 2 Walkie Talkie units _____ Price \$3.49
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Now for the first time anywhere, ride through space with Rock Raymond — ROCKETMAN. Watch him as he outsmarts the mad scientist who is in search for eternal beauty, in the exciting adventure called "Beauties of Planet Land." See the thrilling rescue of Queen Merca, in the half light of twilight territory by ROCKETMAN. In a complete thrilling chapter on 16mm film you will learn of the fate of the beautiful Queen amidst the strange planets, hundreds of years hence. Space ships, strange beings all cast in a fantastic story of the future, "Beauties in Planet Land." This offer is being made through this comic magazine and the ROCKETMAN TELEVIEWER cannot be bought anywhere else excepting by mail. So don't delay, order now.



New Sensational

needs no screen
... no batteries
... no electricity
nothing else to buy
a whole movie
outfit in itself!

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Enclosed you will find \$1.00 for my ROCKETMAN TELEVIEWER together with five complete different, exciting and full of action films (over 100 pictures).

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

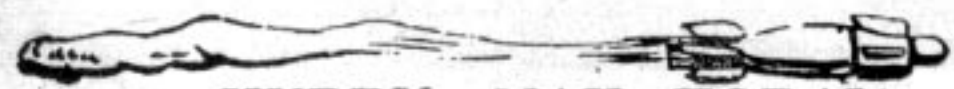
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**Rocketman Televiewer dept "ZF-7"
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EXTRA EXCITING FILM!

Be the first girl or boy in your neighborhood to own the new ROCKETMAN TELEVIEWER, together with five (5) exciting different films with over 100 different pictures. Each film (16mm) (5) a complete story of different kinds. Packed full of thrills, action and adventure. The ROCKETMAN TELEVIEWER is one of the finest viewers. Durable, beautiful colored plastic, super-fine lens, compact, easy to carry. Nothing to get out of order, lasts a lifetime. Original, exclusive, no other like it. Patented U. S. Patent Office. This offer is made through this comic magazine and you cannot buy the ROCKETMAN TELEVIEWER except by mail. So order now, while the supply lasts!



HURRY MAIL TODAY

You Can WIN

This 15" tall
SILVER TROPHY
JUST AS I DID IN
10 MINUTES
OF FUN
A DAY!



**I GAINED
53 LBS. OF SHAPELY
POWER-PACKED
MUSCLES!**

Which of these

**2 ME'S
is YOU?**

THAT 112 LB.-6 FT.

SPINDLE-ARMED **SISSY** WAS ME
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

THIS MAY BE
YOUR LAST
CHANCE
TO GET FOR
ALL 5 **10¢**
PICTURE
PACKED COURSES
MILLIONS HAVE
BEEN SOLD FOR
\$1 AND MORE

When I enrolled I was a skinny, sick weakling. As you can see in my "Before" Photo I looked like a child... years younger than my age. I was ashamed to take a picture in bathing trunks as I do now. I was shy with girls because I had nothing to show off. A few weeks after starting the Jowett Course my body was the best in the neighborhood. Now I get respect and admiration from every fellow and girl I meet.

Roger D. Hirsch
NEW YORK

There's that
skinny scarecrow
ROGER. Let's
pass him by!



ROGER HIRSCH
was a 112 lb. 6 ft. WEAKLING.
Look at him NOW—
A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN
from Head to Toe

as **YOU**
can be
soon!



Roger Hirsch before

NO! friend you don't have to be **SKINNY** any more just mail **NOW** the **FREE** coupon below as I did. Soon **YOU** can add

6 1/2 inches to your **CHEST**
3 inches to each **ARM**
and the rest in proportion just as I did.



FREE



GEORGE F. JOWETT
"Champion of Champions"
4 times Winner
Perfect Man Contest



**Come on, PAL, NOW
YOU GIVE ME
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A
DAY IN YOUR HOME... AND I'LL GIVE
YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY
For Your OLD SKELETON FRAME.**

says *George F. Jowett* World's Greatest
Builder of HE-MEN

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

BOTH FREE FOR QUICK ACTION!

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JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
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Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10¢ FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s).

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**Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES
Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!**

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a LIFETIME STUDY of every way known to develop your body. Then I devised the BEST by TEST, my "5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save YEARS, DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like champ Roger Hirsch did. Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did. SO Mail coupon NOW!

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